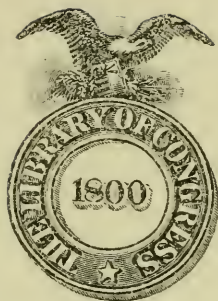


PS  
3535  
335B6  
1920

# A BOOK OF VERSE





Class PS 3535

Book . I 335 B6

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> 1920

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT**





# A BOOK OF VERSE

BY O. <sup>Mar</sup>Richardson

2 5 2  
2 2  
2 2 2  
2 2

1 • 9 • 2 • 0

PS 3535  
I 335 B6  
1920

Copyright by Oscar Richardson



FEB 11 1920

Thomas Todd Co. Printers, Boston

©Cl.A561799

CHB 19 Feb 1920

TO MY WIFE

## FOREWORD

To the late Rev. O. O. Wright I am indebted beyond words for his friendly, unfailing interest and sympathetic criticism in my attempts to give thoughts expression in verse.

I am indebted to Miss Louella D. Everett for much assistance in secretarial work, and to Mr. Thomas Todd, Jr., for the production of the book.

O · R



THE RETURN OF THE YANKEE DIVISION  
OVER HERE  
THE AFTERMATH OF WAR  
PÆAN OF THE IMMORTALS  
THE VISION OF THE ARMISTICE

## THE RETURN OF THE YANKEE DIVISION

Again the Drums of War awake the land  
And Freedom's Tocsin on the air resounds,  
As like Crusader knights of old,  
New England's sons sail overseas  
To fight on Freedom's battlegrounds.

At home, their Service Star of blue  
Is hedged in glory on the window-pane;  
And still in vision they are ever seen,  
Undaunted, charging from entrenched camps  
Through Hell of battle-lines aflame.

Some live, and Service Stars of blue  
Shine on in hedge of golden glory;  
Some give their all, and Glory turns  
Their Stars of blue to Stars of gold,  
To light the way to Victory.

. . . . .  
They triumph on that distant bourne,  
But still at home, with grateful hearts,  
We long for their return.  
The home fires burn, the feast is spread,  
And chairs are set and wreaths are hung  
For both the living and the dead.  
The portals of our hearts and homes  
Are open wide.—Oh, enter in!

April, 1919.

## OVER HERE

Tune of "Scots Wha Hae"

Yanks, who have for Freedom bled;  
Yanks, whom General Edwards led,  
Welcome to Old Boston's spread,—  
Love and jobs galore.

Yanks, with Freedom for their slogan;  
Yanks, who fought with Cole and Logan;  
Well, you are Old Boston's vogue—an'  
Loved for evermore.

April, 1919. —

## THE AFTERMATH OF WAR

War is Sorrow,  
But upon the glad tomorrow,  
And 'tis waged for Freedom,  
War is Sorrow  
Crowned triumphant in her tears.

April, 1919.

## PÆAN OF THE IMMORTALS

Through the ages since the world began,  
Man and prototypes of man  
Have struggled upwards from the mire,  
Impelled by some Indwelling Fire  
Towards the tablelands of Freedom.

On every higher tableland attained  
The living Fire within them flamed,  
Forever urging on with one clear thought  
That Freedom greater must be sought—  
And so the heritage from sire to son  
Was that to die for Freedom ere 'tis won,  
A deathless triumph is and Victory.

Then Sorrow's silent vale of gloom  
Becomes transfigured at the glorious tomb,  
Wherever freemen gave their all and died  
On Flanders' broken fields and Ocean's surging tide.  
Content they rest, enshrined in Freedom's story,  
For on those fields and decks of Glory  
Their deathless triumph vision gave  
Of dawning Peace and world-wide Freedom.

Then Hail! All Hail! Ye spirits free,  
Who freemen died on land and sea,  
As from your glorious throng  
Descends immortal song  
Of War to cease and Mankind free.

April, 1919.

## THE VISION OF THE ARMISTICE

"My country is the World,  
My countrymen all Mankind."

—GARRISON.  
Inscription on his statue.

In the calm of monumental bronze  
He watches o'er the joyous city,  
And the very metal is illumed  
When at the dawn, like Memnon's statue,  
In the harmony of Peace on bells intuned,  
He speaks again for world-wide freedom;  
Telling all that old things pass away,  
And that today, through all the ages'  
Times of trial and of tribulations,  
On our vision looms the coming  
Of the Commonwealth of Nations.

May, 1919.

## PORTRAITS

THE NAME

JEAN

ANNA

LUCY

REV. O. O. WRIGHT

## THE NAME

A faded card with corner roses red,  
And printed on it verses twain,  
Which rest the one above,  
The other 'neath a woman's name.

The name in dear, familiar script  
Shines forth a golden chain to me,  
Entwined forever with the verse refrain  
Which reads, "Sweet memories of thee."

Ah, how the primal love-call's thrill  
Triumphant surges o'er all other,  
In resurrection from your dust,  
My Mother, Oh, my Mother!

December, 1919.



## JEAN

Just as the scent of the heather  
Means Scotland forever  
To you, My Dearie,  
So the fragrance of your life's endeavor  
Means a joy forever  
To us, My Dearie.

Oh, the hills are hard to climb  
And keep the step in mind  
Forever, Lassie;  
But a wreath for endless service borne  
Unconquered lifts your head above the storm  
For evermore, My Lassie.

High road or low, 'tis mostly bitter sweet;  
And for all the trials met, sair I grete  
For ye, My Dearie.  
Still the fragrance of your life's endeavor  
Sweetens ours forever  
And forever, Dearie.

May, 1919.

## ANNA

Her mind in beauty gleams,  
Within its mesh of living clay,  
    A fair oasis  
    On the desert sands;  
And from its fount of reason  
    Wisdom floweth,  
Where those weary souls distracted,  
Led forever on by life's mirages,  
Longed-for drafts of consolation find,  
An unexpected balm for hurts of mind.

July, 1919.

## LUCY

Dark-haired daughter of Minerva,  
Ever seeking after truth,  
She layeth all upon the altar,  
Mind and body, strength and youth;  
And from the ashes of her life's endeavor  
Nobler concepts of humanity and man  
Shall, Phœnix-like, arise forever.

. . . . .

Hark! from out the flaming pyre  
Resounds the music grand  
Of time's immortal choir.

August, 1919.

REV. O. O. WRIGHT

He passed along my road in life,  
A kindly, gracious presence,  
Moving as the Master moved  
Along the old Judean roads  
And on the Sea of Galilee.

Through the mantle of his clay  
His soul shone forth to all,  
A sacred fire in lamp of alabaster.  
So I saw him, met him on the Way,  
And evermore I follow after.

December, 1919.

THE PILGRIM  
AND  
THE HEAVENWARD WAY

## THE PILGRIM

To the Pilgrim on the Way  
It seems as clear as day,  
The tide doth rise, or it doth fall,  
To us—in us,  
As we—in God.

June, 1919.

# THE HEAVENWARD WAY

## THE HEAVENWARD WAY

Enshrined for ages in the star dust,  
Like a precious stone in mesh of clay,  
The Harbinger of spirit life  
Casts only illumed shadow  
Of a Heavenward Way.

In the measureless eternal Accent,  
On creation's wings ascending  
From the soil and muck of time,  
It attains a peak of thought,  
Where the Way is heralded  
In the mind of ancient man.

By prophet mind the thought translated  
From the burning writ of life's great ritual,  
Acclaims that Virtue comes in moments  
Gleaming through the Veil of Vice habitual,  
Like shining stars  
Athwart the blackness of the night.

Through time's encircling years,  
Amidst the storming clouds of doubt,  
The Peak with awful, flaming rays  
In broken gleams reveals the Way;  
And so the living thought resistless spreads  
To reach upon the air of doubt and storm,  
Fulfillment in the shining Sacred Land  
Beneath the Star of Bethlehem.



## THE HEAVENWARD WAY

In the Accent of the Life Divine  
In old Judea's Holy Land,  
Naught but fleeing shadows trace the Veil,  
And Virtue's merging moments,  
    Spirit-winged and flaming clear,  
Reveal the Shining Way  
    In life of every sphere.

Now the thought transfigured  
In the Light of Bethl'hem's Star,  
    Leads the Pilgrim bravely on  
Through the night of doubt and storm,  
Till o'er the Heavenward Way  
    Shall break Celestial Morn.

June — August, 1919.



## CROW POINT

## CROW POINT

On the brim of Hingham's lovely harbor,  
In a quiet nook just off the sea,  
    The flood of tide serene  
In momentary calm and beauty rests,  
    Within reflected shores of living green.

'Neath mirrored sky the shore's o'erspread  
By opalescent wash of pale to dark blue tide,  
    Across whose lovely sheen  
Two boats with slightest motion sail,  
    And add a touch of beauty to the scene.

As balmy zephyrs gently waft them on,  
Their sails are never-ending silver layers  
    Gleaming softly in the tide of blue,  
With darker shadow lances of the masts  
    In lines of beauty running through.

When caressed by breezes on the distant flood,  
They disappear forever with the turning tide,  
Oh then, from out the shadows  
    Of the trees so green and fair,  
The haunting, flute-like notes of joyous bird  
    In salutation float upon the heavenly air.

## CROW POINT

At last, from out the dusky, golden West,  
The evening candle of the sky shines clear  
And lights the closing day to rest.  
The whirr of homing bird is heard  
And firefly lamps  
Are all alight,  
As fading shore and twilight glow  
Are blotted out by merging shadows,  
And 'tis Night.

. . . . .  
Oh still, in mem'ry's aftermath,  
From Fancy's harbor shore,  
Hope's thrilling song  
An echoing thought inspires,  
That in Life's grinding round,  
So oft despairing,  
Moments rare in beauty come;  
And in their gathered spirit power,  
Sailing on the conquering tide of time,  
We shall in triumph,  
Through the flood gates of the harbor,  
Make the Port we sail to find.

May 31, 1919.



## GRIP AND GOBLIN

## GRIP AND GOBLIN

Once within my chamber dim,  
When the shadows lift  
And the light creeps in  
At the witching hour of morn,  
I beheld a Goblin black,  
But 'twas only my pet cat,  
    Perched intent and still  
At the well-loved level  
    Of the casement window sill.

At the tracery of trees and rocks  
Which o'erlooks a loved lagoon,  
Goblin through the window gazed  
With intentness that suggested thought.  
A well-known call and round he turned  
And down he came, a sable cat  
With joyful eyes of topaz flame.

In purring speech, "Good morn," he said,  
"Why linger ye so long in bed?"  
And then I stroked his arching back,  
And tantalizing down the stairs he fled.  
But 'neath the home light's evening glow,  
    When we have gathered round the table,  
Then in all that's going on  
    Be sure my friend in sable  
Takes a hand and fills a gap  
    For which none else is able.



## GRIP AND GOBLIN

Often doing stunts I've taught him  
Comes a trick of turn and glance of eye  
Which wipe away the years gone by;  
And quite distinct and clear,  
Through the sheen of mem'ry's tears,  
Again I see, again I hear  
My silver-white bull terrier,  
Now dead these many years.

Grip by name and nature too,  
And dogs like him I wish you knew;  
And though a mighty battler for his right,  
Yet no more loving heart was ever seen.  
And so to children he was guide and friend,  
A very dove for gentleness,  
And like a lion to defend.

Ah! how his mem'ry warms the heart,  
And how the life stream swifter flows,  
As now his loving, roguish face  
From out the past shines forth to me.  
And so at times it seems quite clear  
He looks not from the days gone by,  
But somewhere on ahead of me  
He longing looks and waiteth patiently.

## GRIP AND GOBLIN

Goblin's taught me quite a little,  
And from Grip much knowledge spread;  
Still, Goblin's but a super-cat,  
While Grip, who had no faults at all  
And gave his love forever,  
Was only my old, loving friend,  
My silver-white bull terrier.

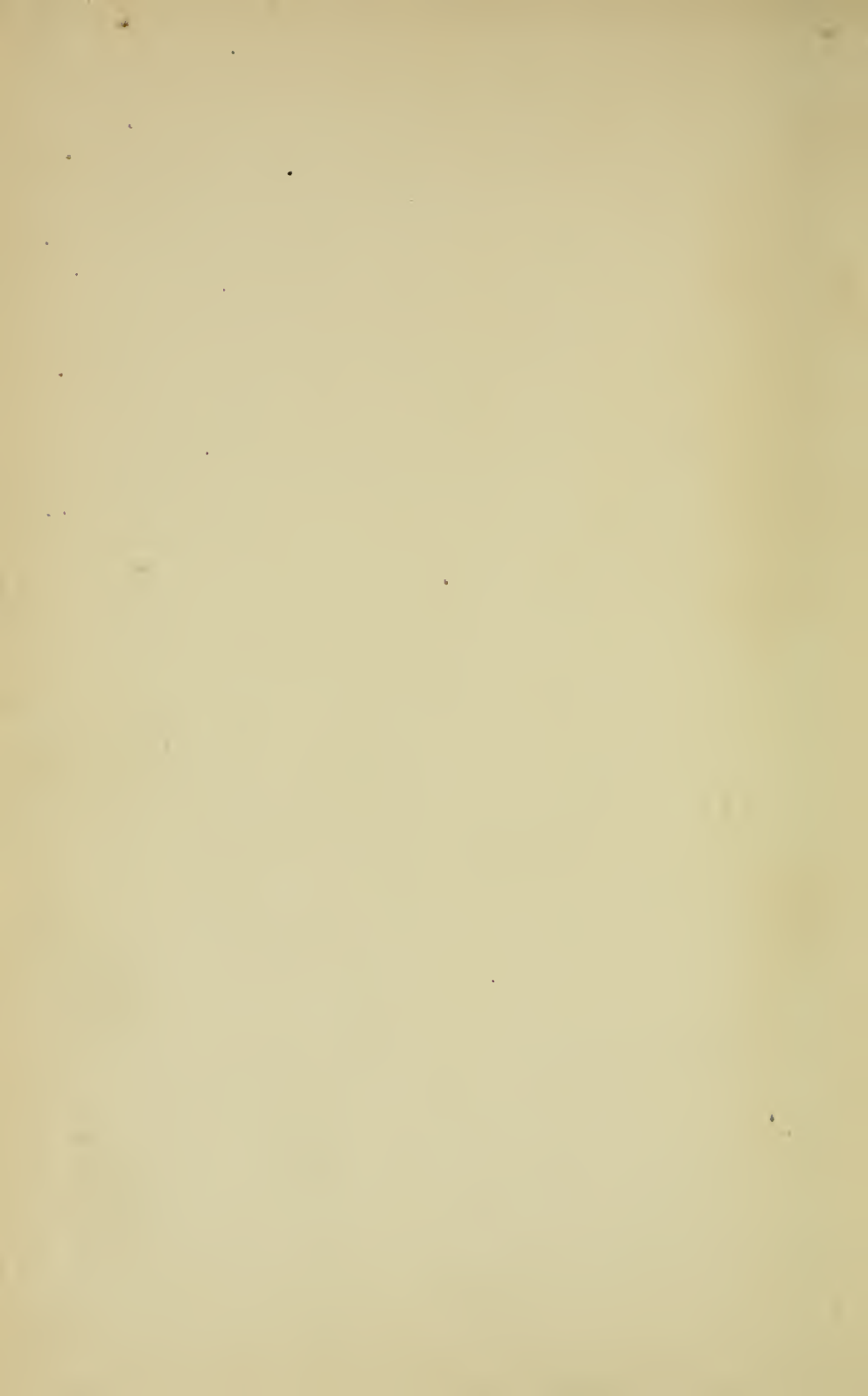
Now in time, and on old Charon's boat,  
I, like all, must cross the river Styx;  
And if upon the further bank  
I hear a gladsome bark,  
And forward of the pushing prow  
I hear a faint meow,  
And catch a gleam of silver white  
And lights of topaz flame,  
I'll know we're homeward bound,  
And o'er the whelming flood so vast  
Shall make the Home Port safe at last.

July — August, 1919.











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 394 049 1